. No *Monkeying*

Washing down bacon-and-egg with hot tea, an. eye on the clock; rocking along five a side between East Croydon and London Bridge, or packed together between Holborn and Chancery Lane, people absorb the contents of newspapers. Headlines sur-prise them, krge print gets into the blood-stream, and little print lingers round the heart. The kingdoms of the earth are spread out before them, and all human activity.

Some country or town or mountain peak, formerly a name, perhaps not even that, is suddenly made familiar—a remote Greenland ice-cap, where Mr. Augustine Courtauld spent seven months alone and in darkness in a little snow hut, when removed thence stating that he found this solitary mode of life not uncon-genial; Abyssinia, where the lately crowned Emperor conferred on his grateful subjects a bi-cameral legislature, and abolished slavery in his kingdom, announcing his virtuous decision to the Anti-Slavery Society in a letter which began: 'The Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah, Haile Selassie the First, the Elect of God, King of the Kings of Ethiopia, may this reach the President of the Anti-Slavery Society'; Diisseldorf, where a murderer was active, at his trial coolly explaining that he had made a point of mingling with the crowd which collected

round his victims when they were discovered, this greatly interesting the many psychiatrists who assembled to observe him, and who suggested that his brain might, like Lenin's, profitably be dissected after his execution; Manchuria, where a Japanese invasion began, resistance being offered by Chinese War Lords, among them,